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DIABOLIC BORGIR

In Sorte Diaboli



In Sorte Diaboli

Hear me; what you believe to be true is false. What you thought right, wrong. I and a chosen few have been granted the knowledge from the Bearer of Truth. Knowledge He has attempted to impart unto us since the dawn of our existence. For this, He has always been vilified. For this, we were bred to fear and hate Him, to denounce all his words as lies. I tell you now, this is not so. I, too, once believed as do you. I, too, once condemned and hated and feared He who lives in Darkness. For I bore the cross of gold and followed the Father of your Church as do you. But your Shepherd, this Saviour, this Christ Child, is the true Father of lies. For he is the one genuine evil, the one you call The Light. I have since denounced him and all he deems holy. I have urned his Book of lies and flung my crucifix into the deepest sea. The robes of my ignorance have been scattered as ashes in his house of deception. But hear me. There is still time.

We can free ourselves from the misery this false prophet has imposed. For I know the true story. I know them to be true for they are true. You will feel it in your heart. You will know it in your soul. And you must listen. For your sake. For the sake of your children. For the sake of The Race of Man.



During a period of the Middle Ages, the actual years of which remain unknown, a young man saw himself obliged to seek out God, the meaning of life and the truth behind our existence. This was a course marked by ambivalence, for he lacked of spiritual connection to the Church and what it stood for, and he did not expect it would fill his inner void. Yet in a desperate attempt to find meaning in his life he allowed himself to be baptised and embark, however reluctantly, upon a new beginning. This new religion, known as Christianity, did not fit well with what he felt to be real, everyday ethics, although he was open enough of mind to learn and not judge. Despite these misgivings, Christianity's compelling propaganda of mortal sin and its dictum that those who will not bow down to the almighty saviour Jesus Christ' shall burn in hell caused him to consider the consequences of disobedience. This very thought made him shiver,

for the notion of eternal hellfire was a fearsome one indeed. He knew already of the methods used to convince the non-believers, methods he could not reconcile with the doctrine of love and forgiveness that Christianity proclaimed. But he decided it was preferable to embrace this new religion than reject it, to at least feel safe, to allow the possibility that he would be upon the side of the righteous when The End of Days come forth and the Day of Judgement would strike upon mankind. In this period following The Crusades, Christianity was fast on the rise in Northern Europe and beyond. Those who stood in their way, heathens and pagans alike, would surely resist, for they had always protected their beliefs and ways of life with honour. They would not be told what was in their best interests, least of all be forced to a brand new religion from the Eastern lands...

For years he learned, dissected and studied the Bible and the Holy Scriptures. The more he explored the Christian belief, the more he read, and he began to question the system and the concept of God in its entirety. Did God really exist? Perhaps, as a consequence of his naive means of living and thinking that his belief was a mere assumption, that determination and devotion would somehow offer tangible rewards. And yet, to his disdain and surprise, it had not.

Having pondered upon his situation he decided the safest and wisest course would be to continue along his chosen path: besides aiding the local priest, to ply his trade as a horseshoe repairman. But he did so

with great grief and doubt in both his mind and soul, with an increasing number of questions unanswered...

Now, as the years passed on, with each day he became increasingly detached from the Church and the outside world, while even the trade he once loved could no longer offer any form of satisfaction or happiness. After several weeks with neither sleep nor rest, he slipped into a state of slumber. For many days he had no recollection other than rare visions, visions both dark and threatening, yet also familiar. Could it be that God was finally 'talking' to him after all these years? His belief was abandoned a long time ago, and with great reason. Why would God suddenly speak to him now? And why, even more inexplicably, were these visions then as black as sulphur? He could uncover no explanation for these images, for what he would term 'this mysteriously prominent presence'.

Days later, after continuing 'visits', he felt increasingly confident that this could not, under any circumstances, be looked upon as the presence of God. This dark, unknown, mysterious, somewhat invisible force, yet one so apparent to his human nature, had made an impact far beyond his own imagination. Experiencing these omens, brought forth sensations of strength, passion, creativity, knowledge and willpower. While all his previous questions remained unanswered, his mind and inner void was now filled with something far removed from that he had intended to seek out so many years ago.

Was he on a mission for something else entirely? Could it be that he had powers from beyond? Though its meaning lay just beyond his grasp, the thought that this was what he has been seeking all his life took hold. What was it that seemed so natural, so invoking, so enlightening? Yet as an official member of the local church, it was necessary to be protective, to act moderately and outwardly untouched by his recent discovery. He needed to keep his secret from the priests and the Church lest the stigma of a heretic should be cast upon him, and all that lay ahead of him be a slow, unmerciful death.

It was then that he understood he must come to terms with the fact that this was precisely what he had become - a heretic, a devil's advocate or perhaps even worse: the manifestation of the Devil himself. For this there was no proof, and yet had he seen more than he cared to admit?

It is well known that this dark period in history was an overly superstitious one, in which people were easily fooled into belief and taken by force under the wings of this new terror, Christianity. Our protagonist saw no reason why he shouldn't make it a priority to take advantage of such conditions. After all, with the powers and knowledge that he now know possessed, and from which was deriving further learning, he could easily convince every other superstitious and semi-religious God-fearing Christian around him that he was, if not the incarnation of the Devil, then the envoy between common people and His Infernal Majesty...

So this man, our beloved friend - or fiend - found only one way to end his hiding in his corporal form, and that was to step up to the task and become one with darkness, with the role he had convinced himself was his - an apprentice of Satan. At this time he felt no remorse, no guilt and offered no sign of regret. Certainly he did not sit well with the idea of turning the other cheek, as he was taught to do for so many years. What a weak, unnatural and inhuman gesture!

It was as though all had been laid out before him, his destiny finally revealed. His next step was to learn to bring his future under his control, for this was just the beginning. During another of his sinister awakenings he realised it was Christendom that was to be the downfall to man, and most certainly not the black plague, as most of the God-fearing sheep had been fooled to believe. He discovered he was an instrument to enlighten certain outstanding individuals, the chosen few... Religion had not existed before the creation of time; it was man-made. This fake illusion was there for one purpose only: to keep man in fear and enslave the weak. Was he before his time?

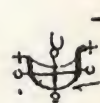
He belonged on different plane: his platform in life and death, and the spiritual black dimensions of his own being, his own beast and beauty. He was never meant to be like the others, for he was born from darkness and its doctrine, and this he knew. Study was irrelevant, for this knowledge was born with him and in him. And he grew with the task. It was clear that it would be merely a matter of time before he would



Moſt high and dread Lord

come under the attention of the Church, and once they caught him they would not feel any need of a trial. The stake would be awaiting him, along with all the other heretics and witches...

So, beggars and thieves, this is the story as written; the further chapters and their closure are yet to be told. Perhaps the following anecdotes and words mired in mystique will help determine your idea of what lies ahead for this carefully selected individual. Was he a simple man, or deranged by hallucinations? Was he a con artist? Or perhaps he was exactly what he claimed to be? I will speculate no further upon this story, whose character shall remain nameless, shapeless...



The Serpentine Offering



My descent is the story of everyman
 My hatred, darkness and despair
 My descent is the story of everyman
 My hatred, darkness and despair

Evoked and entertained through centuries
 Wretched and sullen -- Doomed still.
 The ferocity pervades everywhere
 Waiting to be released at last



Hear my offering
 Ye bastards sons and daughters
 Share my sacrifice
 Share my sacrifice

My descent is the story of everyman
 My hatred, darkness and despair
 My descent is the story of everyman
 My hatred, darkness and despair



My descent is the story of everyman
 My descent is the story of everyman
 My hatred, darkness and despair
 My descent is the story of everyman
 My hatred, darkness and despair

Reconcile not with the seat of the snake
 But embrace it as your own
 Swich its venom into your veins
 And replant the seed that gives growth
 Still shrouded in mystery
 Until you arise above perception
 A veil of ignorance is in motion
 Continuing throughout generations

A veil of ignorance is in motion
 Continuing throughout multiple generations
 Let me be the one that deliver you from the deceit
 And back into perfect accordance with the laws of nature

The snake is notoriously tempting
 But the snake is fair
 What is worse than not knowing?
 To live or disappear?

The ferocity pervades everywhere
 Waiting to be released at last

Hear my offering
 Ye bastard sons and daughters
 Share my sacrifice
 Share my sacrifice



Shagrath
 Voice & Conjuraton

The Chosen Legacy

Hence I will avoind
And whisper wholeheartedly
The creed of blades and beyond
As I succumb to inevitable sin

For I can not ensnare myself
With imaginary words of salvation
The hypocrisy that surrounds my temple
Is assisted by pretenders to the throne

The winds that blow purity
Signal my chosen legacy
I was born in opposition
A contender to creation



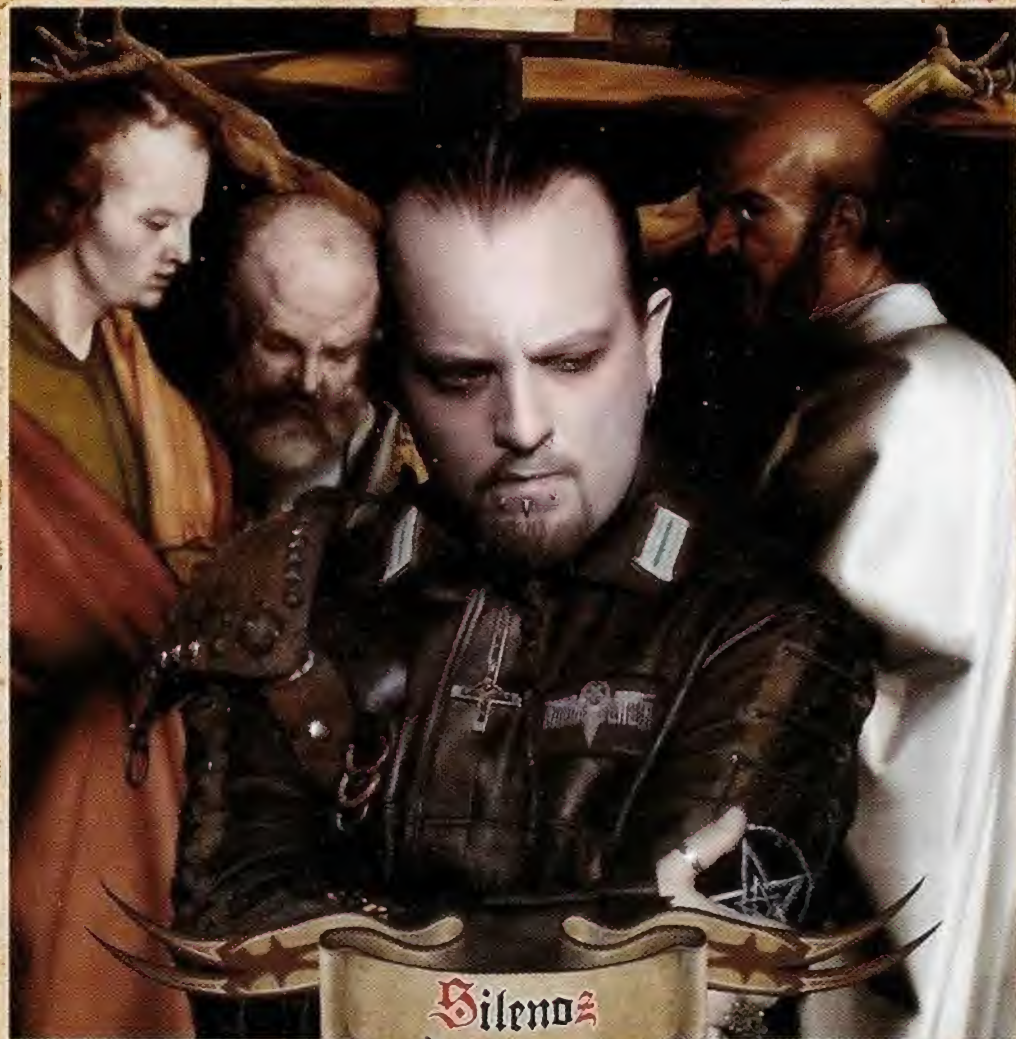
IN SOME CLASH
IN SOME CLASH
IN SOME CLASH
IN SOME CLASH



For my sins
I will ask no forgiveness
For my sins
They are not to forgive



So never speak of me quietly
Stand by my conception
I voice your rebellion
Against the traitor of the world
I am the first creature of this Kingdom
I will be the one
To outlive this time
With the triumph of free will



Silence

With Obedience



The Conspiracy Unfolds

fallen I have, fallen I am
~~curse and destined to burn~~
fallen I have, fallen I am
cursed and destined to burn

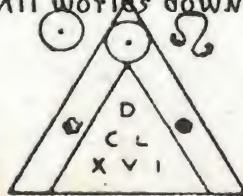
My loyalty towards a liar ceased to exist
Once misled by an empty fraudulent face
I will never turn my back on you
And deceive the flesh of our race

I will always speak truth
So you can understand
No riddles that manipulate
The words and symbols of man

Do not believe false promises
Conspiring to cover up the truth
find solace in darkness within yourself
And have your legions unleashed

Do not withhold the air
Of your very last breath
on the end of days
You will transcend life and death

Let the one who is fit
Be the King
Of the heavens above
And all worlds down below



Halder
Mirror of Flagellation

The Sacrilegious Scorn

Have I not
Been too long in your shadow of invention and creation?
As I rightfully belong to the flesh
Fert of the conscious mind will have you facing away

My word and world holds ground and is real
Your word is like floods of poisoned water
A language spoken with spit from different tongues

It all seems like an eternity
This battle between us two
"Good and evil"
Me and you

Time has come to step up
And take back what you took from me

My word and world holds ground and is real
Your word is like floods of poisoned water
A language spoken with spit from different tongues
You can never corrupt me again

Time has come to step up
And take back what you took from me
You can never corrupt me again

I protect every man guilty of sin
The ultimate sin being me

The vapor from the plague
That infested my mind, body and soul

Obscured my view from wisdom
The mist that had me wonder in resentment cleared
And troubles me no more



Mustis
Synthetic Idolatry

The fallen Arises

The Sinister Awakening

~~I sense the darkness~~
~~The desire overtakes~~
~~My devotion endeavours~~
~~Habitation changing course~~

Repentance oh not
~~No shame or remorse~~
~~Will ever authorize~~
On this treasured path

I am warmed by this fire
And its flaming desire
For what it can not fulfill
My destiny completes

I believe my truth to be
A much greater thing
Than a manufactured lie
Too great to comprehend

Wherever comes from
There's no higher authority but me
Doing my own good
Is all I was meant to be

Antichristus Spiritus
Antichristus Spiritus
Antichristus Spiritus
Antichristus Spiritus

In Sorte Diaboli



The fundamental Alienation



My eyes got blinded
And covered by the night
Like a fugitive on the run
I sought perseverance in the night

Deceptive icons were finally
Taken out of my sight
As the confessor so origina
I will forever unveil His Night

They say I am the cancer
On the back of the Inquisition
I may well be the cancer
In the heart of the Inquisition

They say I am the cancer
On the back of the Inquisition
I am the cancer
In the heart of the Inquisition

Through my years of sacrifice
Evolution came with lessons learned
Respect and fear
Is what I earned

So underestimation of your vision
Or you will be taught
Calculate your contribution
And you will teach

You have all been conned
And I always take the blame
For you do not understand
You are all the same



Mellhammer
Armor of Hate



The invaluable Darkness

~~Fear Tomorrows Adversary~~
~~And the wealth oppressing~~
~~The final storm will be poleaxed~~
And the unmerciful will erect

Hidden from the eyes of your God
As will proclaim original sin
And have you all purged and purified
From the lies that remain within

Colours and draped in sulphur linen
Black and pure since the Beginning

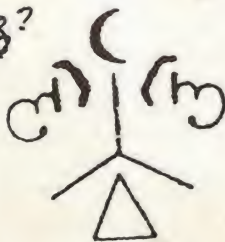
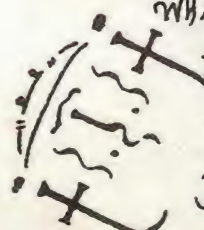
Mercy is not truth
Your sins are next to mine
~~Mercy is not truth~~
All your sins are next to mine

~~My soul's ablaze~~
In flames with rage and isolated
In whirlwinds of hate
~~My soul's ablaze~~
Yet camouflaged in the haze

Why did He not see this coming?
What did He not understand?

One time forsaken
But forgotten I am not

I will win this war
But never the peace
I am my own true spirit
Hence I will not rest



The foreshadowing furnace

Sparks fly and fire licks my wings
Tied to this wood - I was born on burning
I rebelled against the block
Declined to submit to slavery
As a token from my legions of the chosen few
I reveal the secrets to the world's most famous forgetful

As flames devour my skin
Flesh melting - peeling off
My days as an earthbound entity
Are out numbered and have come to an end

I will never be laid to rest
But be free from oppression

Those of my kin - the black flame
Those of my sin - hail my name
Those eyes that have been given eyes to see
Will never be laid to rest but be free
from oppression

In this hour finally separate
From knowledge from divine will
In this hour I finally separate
Myself from your tyranny

Still our enemies will keep hiding
In the shadows with betrayal against treason

But with my reprisal I shall endure
And uncover the magnitude of this treason



I will arise from perdition
And let my presence known
I will author a new era
And have my Beast shown
My sign is of damnation
I am from beyond your God

Invocation: Dimmu Borgir
 Script & Texts of the Diaboli: Silenoz
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 Pandemonium: Fredman, Nyasa, Sweden
 Practitioners: Fredrik Mordström & Patrik J
 Last Rites: Russ Russell at Ioud As sek, Kettering, England
 Paints & Illuminations: Joachim Luetke www.luetke.com
 Based on original Paintings by Hans Memling 1440-1493
 Fatal Portraits: Patrik Ullaeus
 Testimonial Unblessings: Jonathan Belzer
 Human Skin Harments: Tod Waters & Giuliana Mayo for Junker Designs
 Demonic Interaction: Puette Uhlmann
 Representation: www.directmanagement.com
 Reservation: The Agency Group www.theagencygroup.com
 Paul Ryan (Europe, Scandinavia, Australia & Japan)
 Tim Horror (North America)

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 Big Twins Tattoo, Fotofono, Affliction, Bullitt Custom Leather, Drawen

